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a third appearance; and, if his performance at the last Philharmonic Concert may be accepted as a criterion, he has rather receded than advanced as a pianist. Playing more ferocious (we cannot find an apter phrase) and at the same time more unfinished has seldom been heard. Happily, or unhappily, the concerto was of the same quality as the playing. M. Rubinstein clearly belongs to the school of Abbé Liszt; but he surpasses all the disciples of that gifted though eccentric artist in caricaturing his model.

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BY THE BROOK.

How gaily it sparkles by,  
How blithely it speeds along,  
And sings, as it lifts to the sky,  
Its sweetly melodious song.  
How it splashes,  
And dashes!  
And standing there, sweet little sprite!  
Is Minnie, vision of light.

The sun plays over her hair,  
The breeze, with a tender caress,  
Kisses her cheek so fair,  
And toys with the folds of her dress.  
How it prances,  
And dances!  
And Minnie, with sparkling eye,  
Smiles as it passes by.

The fishes play in the stream,  
But stop just to gaze awhile,  
And think it is all a dream,  
As they sun themselves in her smile.  
How they glide,  
And slide!  
And Minnie she laughs aloud  
To the merry little crowd.

I would that I were the air,  
Or a fish, for a little while,  
That I might play with her hair;  
Or bask in the light of her smile.  
As a sun-beam  
Whose dream  
Would be ever the same—  
To shine on this dainty, fair little dame.  
PALETTEA.

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ART MATTERS.

Now that the Autumn is approaching and the streets begin to put on a livelier attire, one looks for the artists in their studios; but as yet few of them have returned from their mountain fastnesses, where they still linger, waiting for the beauties of the American autumn, in whose rich colorings they delight to revel. At the Tenth street building one is almost saddened by the feeling of desolation which pervades the entire edifice;—the studio doors are closed; the artists absent; and the pipes extinguished. Here, however, are two old friends, Gignoux, and Lount Thompson. Gignoux is at work on one of those snow-pictures in which he is so eminently successful. The subject, in the present instance, is one of those gorgeous sunsets which we meet with now and then during the winter season. In the distance stretches a range of snow-clad mountain-peaks; in the foreground a frozen lake, along whose shores we here and there catch a glimpse of lowly cottages; the

ground is covered with snow, while over all are the rich, warm colors of a golden sunset. To say that Mr. Gignoux has treated his subject with consummate artistic power is superfluous—we all know how happy he invariably is in pictures of this class.

Mr. Gignoux has also commenced a large picture of Niagara Falls, with effects of ice and snow, which promises well. He has also on the easel the cartoon of a large picture of Mount Blanc, which for grandeur of span and effort is perfectly magnificent. It is to be hoped that this really great work will shortly be given to the public.

Lount Thompson is hard at work on a bust of W. C. Bryant. Besides this, he has just finished in marble a strongly marked and characteristic bust of J. G. Bennett, as well as an admirable statuette of General Sedgewick, presenting the gallant hero in full fighting costume. Mr. Thompson is always remarkably successful in catching the strong points of character and expression in his sitters; giving us portraits which rise above the mere commonplaces of portraiture and possess an ideality and vigor both delightful and attractive.

Constant Mayer is getting his "Maud Muller" into shape, and it is now an easy task to predict for it a decided success.

Hennessy has just finished a "Twilight," which for strength of color and originality of conception has seldom been surpassed.

There are at Putnam's Gallery two water-colored sketches of Randel which call for more than ordinary mention. In the first, Mr. Randel has succeeded admirably in giving the stormy effect of sky, the down-coming rain and the sunlight forcing its way through the heavy clouds; while the distant village and river are treated with consummate skill. In the second the sun is shining brightly, and all nature looks green and fresh. In both pictures are strong, luminous colors, good drawing and great fidelity to nature.

This same Putnam Gallery will well repay a visit, as Mr. Putnam has succeeded in getting together a collection of thoroughly good pictures. Besides which, it is cosily fitted up, and one can always see there the latest English and American publications on art.

At Schaus' Gallery there is a delightful picture of the German school, by Kets, representing a merry group of women and children getting apples. The effect of sunlight through the trees and the expansion of the different figures are rendered with great grace.

There are also at Schaus' two remarkably clever water-color drawings, by Vibert, a group of Spanish or Italian cobblers; the other by Buckley, a view on the grand canal Venice. In the first we have strongly marked character and great freedom of exe-

cution; and the second, wonderfully brilliant colors and great elaboration of detail. A group of children with a toy theatre, by Seignac, at Schaus', is also well worthy observation.

At Gaupil's they have two pictures by Ziem; one a view of Venice, the other a marine, which will well repay looking at from the delicacy and beauty of the skies, something in which this artist appears to be almost without a rival.

As a general thing the different picture galleries are remarkably devoid of objects of interest just at present, but we are promised great things in the Fall, when the picture buyers shall have returned from their Summer tours, Messrs. Schaus and Knoeder both having visited Europe during the past season, where they have bought up many valuable and interesting pictures.

*Errata.*—In speaking of one of Mr. Thorpe's pictures last week, through an error of type, the name of Turner's was printed instead of Inness.

PALETTEA.

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MATTERS THEATRIC.

At the theatres this week there is positively nothing in the way of novelty; the fall season is near upon us, and the managers appear to have played their last summer cards, and do but wait to see what the regular season will bring forth.

Mrs. Lander is still playing "Elizabeth" at the French Theatre with increased vigor and artistic finish.

At Wallack's "Little Nell" and "Standing Room Only."

At the New York Theatre "Under the Gaslight" and ditto.

At the Olympic John Brougham makes his farewell bow to-night, to give place to Jefferson and the new management. During Mr. Jefferson's engagement he will produce the last London success, "The Forty Thieves."

At the Broadway Theatre "Caste" is to be withdrawn after this evening, and next week we are to have the muscularly legitimate drama, interpreted by Edwin Forrest.

It is a pleasant task to be able to state that Mr. Florence has written to Robertson, the author of "Caste," offering to pay him whatever he shall consider a just price for the performance of his play at the Broadway Theatre.

Mr. Lester Wallack, who has just returned from Europe, will produce his version of this delightful comedy at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, next week: thereby getting the start of the Florences, who had announced he same performance for the week after. Sharp practice, after all, is not confined to lawyers.

SHUGGE.